

Apples! Apples!

Good Apples for cooking and eating purposes, only 12c and 15c per peck.

Willow Market Baskets

Just received, a fine lot of covered Willow Market Baskets.

Eureka Blend Tea

If you want Tea that will please you, try Eureka Blend, this is our special blend.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.,

Lower Queen Street.

Prepare

For the homecoming of our contingent by laying in a quantity of fireworks, fire-crackers, torpedoes, fire fountains, etc., etc., to no end. A large supply of flags, all sizes and prices.

MITCHELL'S
BOOKSTORE

Queen St. Opp. Prowse Bros.

Real Estate Sale.

To be sold by Public Auction on the premises on Wednesday, the 24th October next, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, that valuable and desirable property situated on the southern side of Richmond Street, between Zion Church and the bank of Nova Scotia, known as the Young Men's Christian Association building and premises. The building is of brick, well and substantially built, being in a central position, immediately opposite the Law Courts; can be made suitable for many purposes, public or private.

Terms Cash on delivery of the deed. For further particulars apply to J. D. SEAMAN, President Y. M. C. A., Sept. 25, Tue and Fri.

This sale has been postponed till Wednesday, November 14th, at the same place and hour.

Hillsborough

Bridge

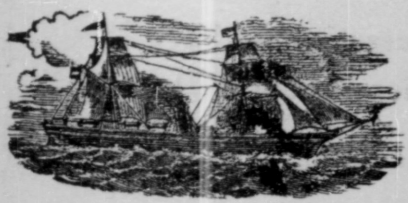
The New Bridge is coming and so are the dry streets and roads. Then you will need something nice in footwear.

We Have a fine Selection
Selling Very Low

J. H. BELL

The Bargain Boot
Shoe Store.

Black Diamond Line.



The S. S. Bonavista, sailing from Montreal Friday morning, Nov. 2nd, will be due at Charlottetown Monday morning, Nov. 5th, and sails for St. John's Nfld., via North Sydney, carrying horses, cattle and sheep on deck and produce under deck at lowest possible rates. For further particulars as to freight and passage apply to PEAKE BROS. & CO., Charlottetown, Oct. 29, 1900.

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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(CONTINUED.)

Passing swiftly and resolutely from under the gloomy cedars through the smart, highly ornamented gate into the broad public road, with its fringe of grass and weeds, gray with dust, she turned her face westward. She was going to the Spillman cottage. Miss Malvina must tell her what her mother meant about finding and losing papers that belonged to Tom Broxton. She would not let Miss Malvina know about the awful things that "poor old crazy woman" had said to her father. Those were words that must never find utterance a second time. They were too dreadful, too cruel, too false, absolutely false! And yet they haunted her. Some sleek black and white cows filed past her, wending their way homeward for the night. Their generous udders hung heavy with the promise of a rich yield. All of the black and white kine used to belong to Colonel Broxton. No one else had their like. She could distinctly remember hearing the old colonel discourse upon the superiority of his imported Holsteins and being rallied by her father on his extravagance in keeping such a fancy breed. She wondered who the black and white cows belonged to now—Tom, of course. The thud of rapid hoof beats on the road behind her made her draw still farther aside into the dusty grass and weeds. She felt like hiding. "Why?" she asked herself petulantly. With long, clean strides, drawing a light sulky after her as easily as if it were a baby's perambulator, the colonel's black mare sped past her. A stranger was in the sulky. A man she had never seen was driving the mare Winnie. She wondered who she belonged to now—Tom, of course.

Sick at heart, sore frightened, bating herself for even remembering that "crazy old woman's" terrible words, she reached the Spillman gate and passed timidly through it and up the broken brick walk, between Miss Malvina's two rows of gayly blossoming annuals. Into the cottage, without knocking, for the door stood wide open. If she knocked, "Mother" Spillman might answer.

There was no one in the little sitting room. The great chintz covered easy chair which she had never before seen vacant had been pushed back against the wall. Miss Malvina's sewing machine was closed, and its oilcloth cover was spread over it. The books on the table in the center of the room were rigidly correct in their stiff arrangement. A lamp burned dimly in the midst of them. There was a certain air of decorous repose about the entire room which smote upon Olivia's nerves ominously. The door to the adjoining room was ajar. A dim light shone through it. Perhaps she would find them in there. Of course she would. Dr. Govan had said "Mother" Spillman was sick. She had forgotten it.

With considerate caution she made her way toward the light. She did not want to disturb "the poor old lunatic," but she must have speech with Miss Malvina. She could not rest that night without it. Yes, she found them in there, mother and daughter, the one quiet, motionless, at rest, with her long, gaunt hands lying stretched peacefully upon the white coverlet, the other sitting by the bedside weeping in noiseless resignation to the expected, weeping for her dead. Olivia swept swiftly forward and laid a hand on Miss Malvina's arm. "Is she sick? Is she asleep?" "She is dead," said Malvina quietly. "She went very peacefully just five minutes ago."

BACK-ACHE ?

If you have Backache you have Kidney Disease. If you neglect Backache it will develop into something worse—Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is no use rubbing and doctoring your back. Cure the kidneys. There is only one kidney medicine but it cures Backache every time—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

The lonely woman lifted her dull red eyes to Olivia's. The girl felt a quick rush of sympathy. She wound her arms about the mourner.

"Dead, and you here alone?"

Miss Malvina turned and smoothed the thin gray hairs back from the marble cold face on the pillows.

"I'd rather have had it so," she said. "I wanted nobody about. Poor dear! She has not been herself for so long. She talked queerly sometimes, and I wanted no gossips about."

Olivia bowed her head in sad comprehension. "You mean about my father." She stood resting one hand on



"My child, Olivia, there are no papers." Miss Malvina's shoulder, her eyes fixed upon the dead woman's face. She did not catch her friend's look of startled astonishment. Her voice was drearily calm.

"Yes, I know. It is very good of you. It is just like you not to want anybody to know how she talked about father. She said such dreadful things to him last night."

"Mother up to your house last night! My dear, you must have dreamed it."

"Oh, no! I wish I had! I wish I had! But she was up there. I cannot tell you what she said to papa. I thought then I could never forgive her, but she knows better now, and I expect if she could she would ask his pardon and mine too. She knows now that my dear father did not ruin Thomas Broxton. She knows that he is a good and true man. I can forgive her now. I have forgiven her."

Miss Malvina forgot her own bereavement in pity for the desolate young face bent over her mother's bed. She turned comforter.

"Yes, she knows better now. You poor little girl—to think I should have fallen so dead asleep that she could leave the house without my knowing it! I begin to suspect that she has been deceiving me for a long time. You know the in-people in her fix are dreadfully sly. I did not know she had been out of the house for years. I can't beg your pardon often enough for letting her worry Mr. Matthews. I knew she had a sort of unreasoning grudge against him. Sometimes, you know, dear, they—I might as well out with it," she added in a sort of desperation, "insane folks often pick out their best friends to vilify."

"I know, I know. More than once has she left you asleep and wandered out into the night. I heard her tell about it last night. Oh, if she had only lived long enough to tell me something more about those papers! Why cannot I get her dreadful words out of my head?"

Miss Malvina turned her tear dimmed eyes away from the dead old face to the pallid young one with startling suddenness.

"Papers! What papers?" Olivia stooped and kissed the plain face impulsively.

"Oh, it seems such a monstrous thing to come here and accuse her of cruelty when she cannot say a word in self defense! But, then, no more could father last night. She said that somebody had brought her some papers that she meant to keep until Tom came back, but that she had lost them. She said that she could not look for them in the daytime because you watched her so closely." Here the poor child dropped on her knees and clasped her trembling hands upon Miss Malvina's lap. "Oh, what dreadful things she said to papa about those papers! Find them for me, Malvina. Help me to find them before it is too late."

Miss Malvina gathered her into a motherly embrace. "Too late for what, my poor little Ollie?"

"Before father—goes—and cannot tell me what to do—with them."

"My child, Olivia, there are no papers. Believe me, it was all the fancy of a disordered brain. Mother was queer for a long time back. I have known it for a year or two. How could there be any papers of importance to any one in this little cabin and I not know about them? Forget what you heard her say, my child. Let it go for naught. As you say, she knows better now."

Olivia got up on her feet, and, fold-

ing her hands tightly upon her breast, she looked down on Miss Malvina with an inexorable purpose in her sad eyes. "I wish I could let it go for naught, but I cannot. I know there were some papers lost, because I distinctly remember father asking you if you had seen any the night of Colonel Broxton's death. I know he could not wrong any one purposely, but losing those papers may have put him in a wrong position. Help me to find them, Miss Malvina."

Miss Malvina fell back upon her only line of defense. "Mother was queer, Ollie. That was the reason I have shut our door to all the neighbors of late. She did not know what she was talking about. There are"—

Olivia interrupted her impatiently. "But did you never hear her speak of those lost papers—of her finding them, I mean?"

"Never."

"Nor any one else? Father? Don't you remember that morning after Colonel Broxton died?"

A subtle change swept over Miss Malvina's plain face. A frightened look came into her eyes.

"Think, Miss Malvina. Try to remember. And—ah, do tell me the truth, the whole truth, no matter how sorry you may feel for me. I can stand more than you think I can. But I shall never know what peace is until my mind is relieved about those papers."

Thus adjured, Miss Malvina made a reluctant confession.

"I will relieve your mind as far as lies in my power, Ollie, if you will only try to stop worrying over what can't be cured. I was standing at our front gate the night the colonel died, hoping somebody would happen by that I could question about him. When I heard a horseman coming, I rushed out into the road with very inconsiderate speed. I frightened your father's horse, and he dropped his bag. I picked it up myself and handed it back to him."

"He told me the next day—you remember, it was when you brought him in your phaeton—that he missed some papers and thought they might have dropped out when he let his bag fall."

"All of which," said Olivia stonily, "goes to prove that those papers were lost."

"Yes, but of course he found them again. He said that morning that he presumed he must have left them in the study at the Hall, but it did not matter much. They could not have been very important."

"But Mrs. Spillman—where does she come into your story?"

"I told her when I went back into the house all about it. Poor mother! I got into the way of repeating everything to her. It interested her, you know, and, being queer already, she got a twist in her head about those papers, I suppose, which there is no use trying to account for."

"But she was so terribly in earnest last night, Miss Malvina. There must have been something more than imagination in it all. But there, now. That sounds as if I were helping her to cast discredit on father."

(To be Continued.)

Dr. Chase Cures Piles

Without the Danger, Pain or Expense of an operation—The Only Guaranteed Cure.

From nearly every town and village in Canada come letters from persons who have been rescued from the miseries of piles by using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. F. Stokes, 116 Dunlop street, Barrie, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with blind, itching piles for years, and could get nothing to stop the constant itching. I was always in pain until a friend of mine told me of the wonderful cures Dr. Chase's Ointment had made among his acquaintances."

"I only used one box and am entirely cured. In gratitude for this marvelous cure and for the benefit of others suffering as I did, I send you this record of my case."

When operations and every other means have failed to cure you, you can begin the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment with perfect confidence that it will cure you. It has never failed to cure piles and will not fail you; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

JOHN P. BRENNAN

Ship Broker, Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of produce, my large and commodious premises on Commercial Street being particularly adapted for handling of Prince Edward Island products.

Consignments solicited. Prompt returns. JOHN P. BRENNAN, North Sydney, Sept. 25, dy 135 wy.

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BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, ETC.

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W. E. Bentley, late of the firm of Mathieson & Bentley.

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"Happy Thought"



IN ALL THE WORLD no cause of worry so constant, so insistent, so widespread as inferior cooking apparatus.

WHAT WOMAN can help worrying the result of whose skill and care is damaged or destroyed by an inferior Range.

DEAL FAIRLY by your household and yourself—install Buck's "Happy Thought" Range in your kitchen and if you can't quit worrying entirely your wife will. The worry fiend holds sway supreme in many kitchens. He is a blood relation of the dyspepsia of like ilk. Banish them, buy a "Happy Thought."

The manufacturers of the "Happy Thought" are doing your culinary worrying for you for all time—take advantage of it.

They have worried over and have perfected every detail of Range construction, which though not always apparent on the surface, is most important in results.

Planned like an engine, fitted like a watch, as durable as the hills, the "Happy Thought" is ever in the lead, and there it will remain until perfection meets its match.

DON'T WORRY
Use Buck's "Happy Thought!" Range!

For sale by

Simon W. Crabbe.

Walker's Corner,
Charlottetown, Oct. 1st, 1900.

Stoves and Hardware.

The Weather Bureau....

Is full of pent up colds, chills, shivers, shakes, cold winds and blustery weather. You had better change your

UNDERWEAR

We have an extra quality fleece lined for 65c. Plenty other kinds from 2 cents to \$4.00.

NEW FALL NECKWEAR

Direct from the manufacturers; made from silks of our selection. The styles are up-to-date and the prices within the reach of all. There is no house in men's furnishings where you can be better suited. We are determined to keep up our reputation for first-class furnishings.

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The undersigned offers for sale the following:

- One 40-Horse Power Engine and Boiler.
- 14 Driving Pulleys with Shaft and Belting.
- One Rip Saw and bench with carriage.
- One 30 in. Saw.
- One 24 in. Planer—One set hoisting blocks.
- One Matching and Moulding Machine.
- Fifty-one Moulding Knives.
- One Band Saw complete.
- One Buzz Planer.
- One Swing Saw complete.
- One Turning Lathe and Shaft—One Vice.
- Two Emery Wheels—One Jig Saw.
- Three Circular Saws and tables.
- All in first-class order.

MATTHEW & MCLEAN